RELIGIOUS READING.

CONSIDER HOW THEY GROW.

Fair and lovely were the lilies,
With their beauty all aglow,
When our dear Lord spoke about them
On the mountain long ago.

Not the great King's pomp and splendor,
Could, He said, with them compare.
Yet they toiled not and they spun not,
Only grew and blossomed there.

So He taught us from the lilies
And the birds that flew above,
How our Father watches o'er us
With His tender care and love.

But there is another lesson,
That our Lord would have us know,
It is, when he sees the lilies,
To "consider how they grow."

From their roots so dark and ugly
They reach upward to the light,
Till they glisten in the sunshine,
Bud and blossom pure and white.

Flinging far and near the fragrance
From their chalices of snow,
Honey laden, golden hearted,
Thus it is the lilies grow.

So the hearts, dark, sad and hidden,
Groping feebly toward the light,
Striving each day to reach upward,
May grow fair and pure and bright.

There is a struggle and endeavor
In this rising from below,
But the beauty of the lilies
Is because the lilies grow.

—*Bessie Chandler, in Chicago Advance.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER

Dec. 1—The Suffering Saviour. Isaiah 53: 1-12
Dec. 9—The Gracious Invitation ..... Isaiah 55: 1-11
Dec. 25—Review. Service of Song. Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the School.

THE BIBLE AS AN EDUCATOR.

Chinese Literature and Pagan Morality Contrasted with the Educational Power of the Bible.

The "Educational Power of the Bible" was one of the topics touched upon by Dr. Ashmore, in his address at the Indiana anniversaries recently. What he said in expanding the thought so implied was the more significant as the people of whom he was speaking are one of those amongst whom there is a literature, a proud civilization, and a culture such as once led them to look upon even the great Western nations as "barbarians." The Chinese are very far from being an illiterate people, while in fact all that a certain sort of pagan morality can do for a people has been done for them. A nation with a Confucius and a Mencius for its great teachers might be supposed to be highly favored; and whoever becomes in any considerable degree familiar with the writings attributed to Confucius, or those of which Mencius was the undoubted author, will say that such "classics" as these deserve to be treasured and studied by those to whom they have descended as a heritage.

And they are so; while in other respects the Chinese have a literature which is by no means to be despised. But somehow the "educational power" of these books stops short of the desired result. They furnish no protection against degrading superstitions; they fail to lay hold of either character or life in a way to elevate and ennoble. Whatever may be true in exceptional cases of Chinese character, the mass of the people remain from generation to generation at the same dead level of mere existence, living and dying without aspiration and without hope. Hence the significance of what missionaries like Dr. Ashmore tells us of the surprising effect of Bible teaching, when accepted in a Christian way, upon Chinese character, with the resultant effect on life. The Bible seems to lay hold of them like some gracious force, and lifts them into a wholly new region of thought, of aspiration, of desire and of hope. Those "old things"—old indeed in this ancient nation, so fixed in its ideas and habits—"pass away." The pagan investment drops and disappears, and it is a new man, a new woman, you see before you.

We suppose that what is thus said of this one pagan people may be said of all. One reason is that the Bible is so peculiarly a book *for* the people. Whoever gives himself the trouble to look into those so-called sacred books of the Chinese, the "Kings" of Confucius, or into the writings of Mencius, finds no doubt many things in these as a very ancient literature to interest him. This is how men have thought and have tried to believe, and these are ideas of duty and virtue of the world and of life in times when Moses was writing the Pentateuch, or Isaiah foretelling the moving story of "The Man of Sorrows." So with other of the old pagan books, Persian, Brahman, Buddhistic. But he who reads most of these in search of what shall seem to him invested with any real human interest will look in vain. Dry moralities, cloudy speculations, heartless rituals, absurd mythologies—what are these to a human soul? At almost every point the Bible is in striking contrast with all such. There is a throb of Divine sympathy in every word. There is an expression of Divine interest alike in law and in gospel. Very soon does the interested pagan reader find the great God revealed as the kind Father, so that while this amazing Personality comes forth out of mists of pagan myth or unbelief, it is seen clothed not more in splendor and awfulness than in love and tenderness. Those of us to whom the Bible is in all ways so much, can we not understand what it must be to a converted heathen reading it with newly-opened eyes?

And then, there *is* a real "educational power" in the Bible. Education is not simply the knowing of many things. It may exist where comparatively few things are known. Can not the reader recall some person within his knowledge who had, as we sometimes hear it said, but "one book?" Little they knew of the sciences and philosophies of their time. Small learning had they in other languages than their own; and small learning even in that, so far as grammatical or rhetorical principles and rules might be concerned. But were they not intelligent? Was there not elevation of thought, as well as of character? Did you not find them expressing sound views upon great questions, and without assuming to "meddle with all wisdom" were they not wise? Some of the best educated people the writer of this article ever knew were the people of one Book.

The clue to the mystery, if there be one, is not altogether intellectual, it is spiritual. Of course, we recognize the fact that a Christian is in any case, whether Chinese, Karen, Telugu, or American, a renewed person; "born again from above." But we would be willing to submit this fact of a peculiar, unequalled educational power in the Bible, at a spiritual point of view, to any one, if candid and fair in dealing with such a question, who did not believe in the Christian doctrine of regeneration. It is the idea of God given to the Bible, so wonderful, so appealing in human desire, so satisfying to human faith. It is that spirit in Bible teaching, whether clothed in biography, in history, in doctrine, in prophecy, or in psalm. It is the teaching itself, commended to all that is best in human nature, and grappling conviction and sensibility alike in such a way as to lift the student up to its own plane. It is, above all, the character and teaching of Jesus Christ, speaking as never man spake, and breathing into humanity a life like His own. Whether a person be a Christian or not, he can not be an habitual reader of the Bible without becoming "educated" in a way impossible to schools and libraries the world over.

It may be that Christians should think more of the Bible at this point of view than they are wont to do. Reasons may thus appear why they should be more anxious to be familiar with its pages themselves; more anxious that their children should know it well; more ready to help in giving such a treasure to the nations that have it not. —*Chicago Standard.*

PROFANITY.

The Vilest, Cheapest, Most Causeless and Utterly Irrational of All Vices.

In number one hundred and four of a pocket series of tracts, published by Phillips & Hunt, New York, Rev. R. H. Howard treats profanity in a very incisive manner. The tract is short and striking. He writes as follows:

"A man's name," says Goethe, the great German poet, "is not like a mantle which merely hangs about him, and which, perchance, may be safely twitched and pulled, but is a perfectly-fitting garment which has grown over and over him like his very skin, to which one may not rake and scrape without wounding the man himself."

This reflection was suggested by the fact that his friend Herder had once allowed himself the liberty of inditing to him (privately) a piquant epigram, the point of which turned on an ingenious, yet rude, play on Goethe's name; certainly a very impolite, not to say unpardonable, thing to do.

Meantime, for the same reason that no man takes amiably any such liberties as those above mentioned with his own name, we keenly feel and vigorously resent, withal, any such liberty when taken with the name of a dear friend. That name may be an unfortunate one in itself, yet so intimately is it associated with the person and character of one whom we respect and love, that, homely as it may be, it partakes of so much of the sacredness of the precious personality to which it belongs, and of the friendship that has been cemented by years of good-will and kindly service, that we can in no wise consent to its being, in any way, made light of, much less to its being made to serve as the butt of a vulgar jest.

In the light of this natural, instinctive repugnance to any trifling with a precious name, we come to understand the deep, unconquerable aversion and prejudice which every devout and refined mind cherishes against everything like profanity. We never cease to be shocked at any light and trifling handling of the name of the Supreme Being. With feelings of intense and unutterable loathing and disgust we turn from the man who habitually takes the name of God in vain.

It is difficult to name or to conceive of a viler social pest than a profane man. Vulgarity is bad enough. Blasphemy is vastly worse. Vulgarity is disgusting. Blasphemy is both disgusting and shocking. Not only is profanity more wicked than mere vulgarity, it is more malarial in its effects, blunting, as it does, not only the blasphemer's own religious sensibilities, but withal those of all such as habitually hear him.

The vilest, cheapest, most causeless and utterly irrational of all vices is the vice of profanity. It affords no pleasure, yields no profit, gratifies no natural appetite, commands no man's respect, betrays an ignorant, vulgar, poverty-stricken mind, as well as an utter lack of good-breeding, and paves the way to sure and irremediable demoralization of character.

But while self-respect should prevent every one claiming to be a gentleman from the use of profane language, it should be especially remembered that such language is a deadly, damning sin. Yea, remember God's own most solemn words of admonition relative to this matter: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for *God will not hold him guiltless* that taketh His name in vain."

Additional Evidence.

In each new discovery of students and travelers we acquire a fresh evidence of Christianity. We live in an age of skepticism, and yet in every old coin or Moabite stone or Phrygian inscription or recovered writing or broken slab or crumbling tomb in Asia Minor, in Palestine, even on the far-off banks of the Tigris or the Euphrates, the Great Head of the church is ever supplying us with fresh historic confirmations of the facts which we have historically received.

If the New Testament were taken from us to-morrow, it is hardly too much to say that from medals and catacombs and the ruins of long-forgotten cities, and relics and writings of days within two generations of the death of Christ, we could reconstruct and demonstrate every essential fact of "Those sinless years which breathed beneath the Syrian blue."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

—God's ability is not to be considered so much in relation to His omnipotence as to His wisdom. The question is not "What *can* God do?" but "What can he *wisely* do?"—*Exchange.*

THE DANGEROUS BARBER.

According to a Physician He Is Responsible for the Sore Throats of His Customers.

"How many prescriptions for sore throats do you suppose I've written in the last week?" asked a Detroit doctor yesterday.

"Oh, perhaps a dozen."

"Nearly thirty, sir. And what do you think the cause in every case was?"

"Change of weather, of course."

"Change of nothing! There were two cases where the patients slept with open windows and got cold, but in all the rest the ailment could be traced directly to the barber."

"What did the barber do?"

"Cut their hair. I tell you the average barber is a more dangerous foe to humanity than cholera and small-pox. While they can be guarded against or stamped out, he lives on year after year."

"Is it dangerous to get the hair cut?"

"Outside of three summer months it is. Take a raw day and forty-nine out of every fifty men who get into a barber's chair to have their hair even trimmed will have a cold or sore throat before the next night. I would rather take a walk for two hours without my overcoat than to have two ounces of hair snipped off my head."

"But if people want their hair cut how is the barber to blame?"

"He is all to blame. No one should have his hair cut more than twice a year—May and September—and it should be done then only on a warm day. Have your hair cut to-day and go to a barber-shop three days hence, and the barber will observe:

"'Have your hair cut?'

"'No.'

"'But you'd better; getting pretty long, sir.'

"'Why, I had it cut only a few days ago.'

"'Yes, sir; but he made a botch job of it. Wants to be trimmed very bad.'

"Take it in the case of young men and boys," continued the doctor. "A word from the barber is sufficient to make them submit to a hair-cut or shampoo. Those who don't hear from the hair-cutting may certainly expect to from the shampoo. You walk out of the shop into the cold air, and within twenty-four hours you can look for neuralgia, toothache, earache or sore throat."

"Would you advise a law on the subject?"

"We couldn't make a law to cover the case. What I'd advise is for the people to investigate the matter and exercise judgment and common sense. It is just as bad to rob your head as your feet. You wouldn't dare take your socks off a day like this, and yet the barbers of Detroit will cut the hair from five hundred men and boys. The risk is even greater than in pulling off an undershirt. People should understand this. I have seen a dozen cases of pneumonia brought on by hair-cutting on a cold day. It is responsible for much of the asthma, and perhaps for some of the consumption."

"How about shaving, doctor?"

It is a dangerous habit. You can trace nearly every case of toothache and facial neuralgia in a man to the habit of shaving. If all men protected their throats by chin-whiskers and the nerves of the face by a liberal growth you wouldn't hear of half the present ailments. When I was a boy I never heard of a case of neuralgia in the facial nerves. In these days it is as common as cases of ague. Men used to wear beards. The fashion of to-day is meant to encourage ailments. Shaving opens the pores of the face and invites neuralgia to step in and twitch the nerves."

"Well, is that all to-day?"

"All but one thing. When a barber invites you to have your hair cut on a raw day please rise up and punch his head—for me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAYOR STEEPULS' BRIDE.

Poor Stanley Huntley's Story of a Holiday in a Dakota Town.

In a recent issue *Drake's Travellers' Magazine* prints an article by the late Stanley Huntley, found among his papers after his death. It describes his actual experiences while editor of a paper in Bismarck, D. T., and contains this interesting sketch of a wedding celebration on the frontier:

It was a holiday in the town of Prince when Mayor Steepuls came in from a more eastern town with a young and blushing bride. Business was suspended save in the bar-room; the fire-engine was washed and the brasses brightened. Some American flags had been extemporized and a band of the village, consisting of two drums and a cornet, turned out to do honor to the advent. Two chairs had been rigged on the engine, one on each side of the air-chamber, for the bride and groom, and the city and county officials, in black pantaloons and blue shirts, manned the rope. Behind the engine the townspeople had been arranged in sections of four, with their hands on each other's shoulders. The District Attorney had been appointed orator for the day, and, approaching the young and happy couple, he thus made speech: "George, my boy, and Mrs. Steepuls, when you went away you swore you wouldn't get married while you were gone, but when we come to look at your wife we are glad you lied about it. We haven't many ladies here, mum, and I'm glad there are not more like you, for there'd never be a lick o' business struck. You're welcome to Prince, mum, kindly welcome, I assure you, and I know you'll know we mean it, when I tell you you are the only real rival the old engine ever had. George, my boy, I congratulate you, and so do the boys, and may the fires of the love which I know are crackling in your heart now be the only flames the old engine will never put out. Shake, old man!" And the applause that followed was as hearty as the welcome. Connubial bliss and protracted imbibition were too much for the Mayor's warm heart. Tears stood in his heart as he replied: "Me an' th' old woman is much obliged to yez, b'ys; ye've done the party thing. I don' know she can cook, fer I haven't thried that yet, but av wan av yez is ive: hungry, come to the house—yez moind well where it is, fer yez 'ave all been drunk there—and see av she don't find somethin' fer yez to ate." And again the cheer was prolonged. The District Attorney and the Mayor assisted the bride into her chair on the off side of the engine, and, the Mayor taking his on the other side, the band started up and the procession moved.

At the house there were more congratulations, and something strong, and during the balance of the day the town was given over to genuine happiness. A homely sort of performance, you may say, but it was an honest one, and bride nor groom never entered home with warmer welcome than did our Mayor and his wife.

A STRANGE FLOWER.

A Story That Reads Like One of the Legends of Mythology.

In the western part of Jefferson County, Fla., there grows and blossoms into curious and magnificent beauty a rose that seems to be indigenous to a small area of country, but which will not flourish in other latitudes. The bush is a strong and vigorous one, and the leaves are a very light but glossy green. The petals of the flower curve slightly inward and are the color of a bright arterial blood. The odor is pungent, but slightly sickening. The peculiarity of this flower is that the dew that drops therefrom is of a faint pinkish cast, a marvel seen in no other flower, the baffling wonder of those who have witnessed it. It is called the Grant Rose, and has a sad and melancholy history. Its origin is one of those mysteries with which nature at times delights to astonish her devotees.

In 1834 John Grant and Nellie Lowry were married. After a happy year of married life they and their baby were murdered by Osceola's Seminoles. A few years later a passing hunter, one of the original party that had found the bodies, happened on the same locality, and in the little hollow where the blood had gathered he saw a vigorous bush, bearing such roses as I have described. He cut some slips from it and took them to the settlement, where he related his discovery. Such a romantic and singular story excited the curiosity of many in the adjacent counties, and repeated efforts were made to secure the growth of the slips in other places, but they have all failed of success. Within an area of five miles, where the doleful tragedy occurred, it is said that the rose can still be found, with its strong and sturdy stalk, its pale-green leaves, its incurved crimson petals, and its bloody dew.—*Live Oak (Fla.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

Authoritative Statement as to How Fashionables Will Do Up the Hair.

A great change has quietly taken place in hair-dressing fashions. Fashionable ladies, tired of the high styles, are gradually wearing the Catogan braid or wavy curls low on the neck, worn by the London and Parisian ladies last winter. The Puritan style of hair-cutting, close all over the head and shaped in saucer bang on the forehead, which was quite a favorite with sporting ladies, has been eagerly adopted by our pretty shop-girls, perhaps because it saves time. This style is not worn in Europe, and the sooner it is discountenanced here the better for the looks of our fair countrywomen. Front coiffures are worn in Pompadour style.

The back hair for daily wear is dressed in Catogan braid about two inches from nape of the neck, looped up, and a figure eight made of wavy tresses on the crown close to the front curls. Loop shell pins are essential to dress the hair in loops.

For evening wear the hair is dressed in fluffy curls in front, Pompadour style, and the back hair in wavy loops, not too large, but long, ending in two or three graceful wavy curls falling on the neck. Fancy pins in gold and silver, studded with brilliants or rhinestones, are much in vogue for ornaments. Feather puffs for matrons and flowers for young ladies. Front coiffures connected with a Catogan braid or wavy curls are being introduced to "forlorn damsels with shorn locks" who are anxious to recover their fashionable appearance. Gray hair is more fashionable than ever. Ladies who have a sprinkling of gray have front coiffures and chignons made quite gray and have them dressed in the latest style.—*N. Y. Hair Dealers' Circular.*

A Pretty Metaphor.

The Japanese have proved themselves such apt learners that they are already beginning to improve on the methods of their instructors. To people of their artistic temperament the old European plan of christening a ship by breaking a bottle of wine against her sides is distasteful; and so, when lately a name was given to H. I. M.'s ship Katsuragi, an Imperial Princess gently broke a fragile cage against the steel plates and by so doing liberated a pair of doves. At first sight the metaphor seems rather "mixed"; but possibly an explanation may be found for it in the fact that in the popular Chino-Japanese mythology doves are occasionally metamorphosed into hawks; and the emblem may therefore have been intended to signify that, though in piping times of peace the Katsuragi would be as harmless as a dove, she yet contained within herself the potentiality of a hawk.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—A Texas doctor gives the *Medical Bulletin* an account of the ease with which doctors are made in that State. He took a six-hour ride with a Texan villager, who asked him a great many questions about the remedies used for certain diseases then prevailing in the locality. On the following week he had occasion to visit a neighboring village, where he found his recent companion with his shingle out as a full-fledged doctor. He had graduated in that six-mile ride.

—There is an old lady living in Alapathe, Ga., who was scalped by an Indian during the Seminole war forty years ago.

THE BUSY LITTLE BOYS.

A Pretty Halloween Story with a Moral Attached.

The boys had lots of fun at my house, Halloween. You see the iron gate through which William H. Vanderbilt and Canon Farrar and Bill Nye and Joseph Cook and Eugene Field and Dr. Newman and others of my friends drive when they come to see me has been shut for some three months, so that the boys had to leave their carriages outside and climb over. The gate had sagged somehow and got jammed and rusted fast one way and another until we couldn't get it open at all. I sent for my neighbor, the blacksmith, and he sent a man over, and the man worked and filed, hammered and twisted for an hour and couldn't move it. He gave it up and went away, and the master-smith, a man who can shoe an earthquake, came over and he couldn't shake it. Then I tried a dynamite cartridge, paid for eight dollars' worth of glass in the neighborhood, and set the gate tighter than ever. So I just put a placard, "Paint," on the gate and when Russell Sage and Dick Munkittrick and George W. Curtis and the rest of the boys came around they had to come in through the wood-shed. Well, last Halloween the village boys were out in force. They were having good times all around the neighborhood, but I didn't dream of their disturbing me. But about eleven p. m. I heard them at the gate. They went at it first in an off hand boyish lift-her-right-off-the-hinges sort of way. Then two or three more of them took hold; then they grunted and lifted. Then the whole crowd gathered hold of her. I never saw so many boys work so hard in my life. Some of them cried, so unusual was the exertion. They panted and tugged and strained and shouted in hushed whispers, and fussed with the catch, and pulled at the hinges, and twisted and grunted and paused for breath and consultation. Once or twice they displayed signs of weariness, but by showing a light at a window I lent the zest of a little danger to the affair, and as soon as the light disappeared they went at it again. About three o'clock in the morning, however, they lifted her. Sure as fate they got the old gate clear off its hinges. They were too tired to carry it away, so they laid it down in the street, and laughed and rejoiced in boyish style with what little breath they had left. They were too utterly worn out to have any more fun that night, so they went wearily and triumphantly home, saying they'd like to see any man in America fix a gate so as't they couldn't lift it off. Next day I told my astonished neighbor, the master of the forge, to straighten up the gate and hang it again. Then I told my landlord that it took fourteen boys four hours to get that miserable gate off; fifty-six hours at fifteen cents an hour, eight dollars and forty cents, which I had allowed on my rent; this paid me for the glass I broke with the dynamite and left me forty cents to blow in. I was going to give it to the boys, but I reflected that they had all the fun they wanted getting the gate off, so I spent the forty cents for myself. Moral: If you have a piece of work you can't get done just give a party of boys an idea that you don't want them to do it.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

HIRED MAN'S POKER.

How a Shrewd Wife Prejudiced Her Lesser Half Against His Servant.

The other morning, as the Colonel put on his overcoat to go out, his wife calmly observed:

"You haven't been in luck lately."

"In luck! How?"

"How much have you dropped on poker in the last two weeks?"

He looked at her a long time and never attempted a word in reply.

"You aren't sharp," she continued. "If I was going to play poker I'd play to win. I wouldn't pit myself against old gamblers."

"Madam," said the Colonel, after a painful silence, "may be you know some poker-player who has got more cash than keenness. May be you do?"

"Well, there's—there's John, the hired man," she stammered. "John has four hundred dollars laid up, and I heard him talking about poker the other day. Why don't you play him?"

The Colonel went out without a word. When he reached the corner he stopped, looked carefully around, and presently turned down the side-street and into the alley leading to his barn. John was there engaged in his every-day duties.

"John," said the Colonel, "some one was telling me that you played poker."

"Well, sir, I—ah—I won't do it any more."

"Oh, it's no crime, John—no crime—but perhaps I'd better show you a few of the latest kinks in the game. I don't want any of these stable men fleecing you."

"Thanks, sir I'll be a thousand times obliged."

Two hours later John entered the house and placed in the hand of the Colonel's wife a package, and said:

"There's one hundred and twenty dollars—all he had—but he'll raise another hundred to-morrow!"

When the Colonel came home to dinner he seemed greatly preoccupied in mind, and at the table he said:

"Doesn't it seem to you that our John is rather neglecting his work?"

"Why, no. He seems very attentive."

"Well, I've got my eye on him, and if I catch him loafing he'll go without an hour's warning!" growled the Colonel, as he settled down to his coffee.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A dealer in cod-liver oil in Marseilles advertises that his fish are caught in a safe and quiet harbor, where marine monsters can not enter to frighten them into diseases of the liver. "They live there," he says, "in peace and comfort; their lives are healthy, and this is why my cod-liver oil is the best."

—It is proposed to enlist professional cooks and bakers in the army, as a means of preserving the health and increasing the efficiency of the troops.—*Washington Star.*

STOCK IN WINTER.

The Care, Food and Shelter Which It Should Receive.

As a rule cattle and sheep do not gain in weight or condition during the winter. In many cases they weigh less in the spring than they did the previous fall. The mortality among them is much greater during the cold than the warm weather, and the cases of sickness are more numerous as well as severe. Horses generally come through the winter in good condition in respect to flesh and strength, not because they are more hardy than cattle and sheep for the reverse is true, but because they are better treated. They are kept in warm stalls even if the other farm animals are left exposed to storms, are carefully groomed, and covered with blankets when it is very cold, and are fed on the best the farm and granary can supply. They are not exposed to the cold for any considerable length of time for the purpose of obtaining water, and in many cases water is brought to them if the weather is very cold. Farm horses, as a rule, do very little work during the winter, and accordingly have an opportunity to recuperate their strength. Ordinarily they perform only enough work to afford them suitable exercise. For these reasons horses, though tender animals generally, come through the winter in much better condition than cattle and sheep.

Perhaps farmers in the Northern States should not expect to have their stock, cattle and sheep gain much during the long and severe winters that are common here. They should endeavor, however, to make them "hold their own." They should not allow them to run down on their hands. They should be worth as much for any purpose in the spring as they were in the preceding fall. They should be in the best condition to gain in flesh when the grass first starts in the pastures. They should require no nursing during March and April. They should be something more than "skin and bones" when the frost leaves the ground and vegetation begins to show signs of life. They should be well covered with flesh, sound, vigorous and strong. Their bodies should be free from insects that cause constant annoyance and prepare the way for disease. They should return to the pastures in as good condition as the birds that return from the distant South. They should be in sufficiently good condition to enjoy life and to profit by it. It should not require a month or six weeks' time in a good pasture to enable them to recruit. They should need no recruiting and require no bringing up to a good healthy condition.

The water supply for farm animals during the winter is much poorer than the food supply. The quality of the water is often poor and the facilties for obtaining it very bad. On many farms animals are obliged to travel a long distance, often through blinding snow-storms, to reach a creek, stream or pond where they can obtain water. When they have reached the spot they are obliged to quench their thirst with impure water that is ice cold. Often there is no way of reaching the water except to cut a hole through the ice. Around this hole the cattle stand waiting for a chance to drink. The strongest take the first drink, while the weaker and younger creatures wait till they have become chilled. Some of the latter slip on the ice and others are hooked about. The feet and legs of all the animals become covered with snow and water, which soon changes to ice. In this condition they go back to the barn or feeding yard, where they suffer from cold for hours. During very cold weather and on stormy days the animals are very reluctant to go to the watering-place. They choose to endure thirst rather than exposure. When they do drink they take so much water into their stomachs that they are rendered very uncomfortable.

In many barn-yards in which there are wells for supplying stock water the arrangement of the drinking troughs is very bad. They stand where the snow piles about them or where a body of ice forms. The older and stronger cattle crowd and hook the younger and weaker. Ice forms in the troughs and chills the water that is brought in to them. On very cold or stormy days the cattle are let out to drink but once during each twenty-four hours. They do not drink sufficient water to enable them to digest the dry food they eat and to keep in good condition. They often become constipated and lose their activity. Water is as essential to the healthy condition of animals as food is. Men and all the inferior animals need to drink as often as they eat dry food. Water should be furnished abundantly and often, and in places where it can be obtained without great exposure. It is much better to have the watering trough under a shed than in the open yard. If there are many animals of different ages in the yard there should be more than one trough. Pains should be taken to keep drinking-troughs free from ice.

Cattle should be brushed or carded during the winter as horses are. An accumulation of dirt in the hair affects the skin unfavorably, and makes the animals feel uncomfortable. A close examination of every animal for lice should be made at the beginning of winter and repeated every few weeks. If any are found substances should be applied that will destroy them. Lice on cattle can generally be killed by the application of some neutral oil, as paraffine or hog's lard; the addition of a small amount of carbolic acid will make the remedy more effective. No animal will thrive that is tormented by vermin, which produce perpetual annoyance. In portions of the country that are newly settled, and where the farmers are poor, all animals can not be kept in well-constructed barns and stables. Still it is practicable to provide protection against winds and storms. A frame can be made of rails or sapplings, about which cornstalks and straw can be piled. A tight roof can be made of thatch. The construction of roofs of thatch is an art that has been sadly neglected in this country, and it should receive attention in all parts of the West. Some of our foreign-born farmers practiced making roofs of thatch in their old homes, and they could be of great service to their neighbors in teaching them the art.—*Chicago Times*